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THE PACIFIC

A religious and family paper

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Worthy of It.

I MAY not reach the heights I seek,
My untried strength may fail me;
Or half-way up the mountain peak
Fierce tempests may assail me.
But though that place I never gain,
Herein lies comfort for my pain—
I will be worthy of it.

I may not triumph in success,
Despite my earnest labor;
I may not grasp results that bless
The efforts of my neighbor.
But though my goal I never see,
This thought shall always dwell with me
I will be worthy of it.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

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Look on me, I pray thee, O God, and have mercy upon me, and grant that as thou hast of thy great mercy brought me into the right path, so I may persevere to the end, and never turn aside from the way that leads to everlasting life; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Expediency is man's wisdom; doing right is God's—George Meredith.

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THE PACIFIC

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Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast

San Francisco, Cal. W. W. FERRIER, Editor. Thursday, August 14, 1902

Concerning Some of the Uncertainties.

Several times during the last few years The Pacific has cautioned against a prevalent disposition on the part of ministers and laymen to accept as certainties the uncertainties of the scientists and Biblical critics. We have shown that what has been held as scientific in one decade has often in the next been set aside as entirely unscientific; and that, the scientists having erred as frequently as the theologians, it is not wise in any actual or seeming conflict between present day science and theology to make an alliance with the former. It was therefore with pleasure that we read and quoted from, some months ago, an article on the uncertainties and mistakes of science by Prof. George Frederick Wright, LL.D., of Oberlin. Professor Wright, as is well known, has high rank, both as a scientist and theologian. Last week it was our pleasure to read in the columns of The Advance another very able article by him on "Uncertainties of Biblical Criticism." In that article he says: "The readiness of a large class of Biblical critics to proclaim as certainties what are merely doubtful inferences from still more doubtful premises is rapidly bringing their whole profession into disrepute with men of scientific training, and is meanwhile leading multitudes of confiding followers into serious errors of belief from which they can be extricated only by a slow and toilsome process."

It is said further by Professor Wright that a large number of books written in many cases by professors in our theological seminaries have had examination by him, and that "they all assume that the documentary hypothesis concerning the Pentateuch has been proven, and that as a consequence the foundation for believing in its historical character has disappeared." Having gone over with great care the grounds on which these revolutionary conclusions are based, seeking to test them by the established methods of inductive science, he finds that such views are not based on the discovery of any new facts; and that the discoveries which have occurred "if they do not positively confirm the oldtime view, are certainly compatible with it." And he shows that no inconsiderable part of our most popular literature can, after the manner of the higher critics, be separated into parallel columns, which, with a few insertions, would make two continuous narratives.

As to the dogmatic assertion of contradictory accounts of the creation in the first chapters of Genesis, Professor Wright says: "The people are being imposed upon with an inference from a doubtful hypothesis stated as a scientific conclusion"; that the contradiction is made out only "by imposing an interpretation upon the words which is either necessary nor natural nor according to the context." He suggests the following translation of Genesis ii: 4-7: "In the day that the Lord God made earth and heaven there was no plant of the field yet in the earth, and no herb of the field had yet sprung up (for the Lord God had not caused it to rain upon the earth) and there was no man to till the ground. But there went up a mist from the earth and watered the whole face of the ground, and the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul." And this, he finds "perfectly compatible with the account in the first chapter—being, in fact, but a brief resume for rhetorical purposes to introduce the new theme relating to the fall of man and his subsequent history."

Referring to Dr. Driver, a writer and critic of wide reputation, he says: "Recently I took pains to 'verify' all his proof-texts in proof of the late origin of one of the supposed documents out of which the Pentateuch was formed, and there was not one of them conclusive of the point he was trying to prove, and was maintaining with great positiveness. In every case his inferences were based on a doubtful interpretation of the passage referred to." One instance is given in illustration. It is in Dr. Driver's argument as to the phrase "beyond Jordan." When used for the east side Dr. Driver argues that this implies that the writer was on the west side; therefore, that Moses could not have been the one using it. But Proefssor Wright shows that in many instances the phrase was used to refer to the same side of the river as that upon which the writer was, and that it was sometimes used in the same verse and by the same writer to indicate both sides of the river; the phrase really meaning "beside Jordan." The mention of Dr. Driver concludes: "And I can say without fear of successful contradiction that nearly all of the conclusions of Dr. Driver in his 'Introduction to the Literature of the Old Testament' rest upon a similar sandy foundation."

There are other things of recent occurrence which combine to lead us to repeat the caution of the past, "Be sure you are right, then go ahead." Only two or three months ago the Rev. Dr. Henry G. Smith, Professor of Systematic Theology in Lane Seminary, published in The Evangelist a series of articles declaring, among other things, that almost without exception, the scientific learning of the day was on the side of the evolutionary theory, and suggesting a revision of theology accordingly. But now there appears in the New York Tribune from the pen of Professor McCloskie of the Biological department of Princeton University an article which states that the positons which Dr. Smith regards as established have been practically abandoned by all

advanced scientists. We quote from Professor McCloskie as follows:

"1. It is not the present doctrine of biology that man is descended from the anthropoid or any other division of apes. About eleven years ago it was discovered that the human foot cannot be derived from the anthropoid posterior hand, or from that of any of the monkeys.

"2. The next theory, that man is descended from lemurs, has also been abandoned because of the discovery that lemurs are not closely allied either to man or monkeys.

"3. In 1897 Hubrecht saved the tarsiids from being condemned along with the lemurs, and showed that Cope's Hemunculus, a fossil skull of early date, belongs to the tarsiids, is a true primate, and may possibly be in the ancestral line both of monkeys and man. I believe he is still investigating his interesting thesis.

"From this it appears still true that (using the words of Claus, published in 1885), 'the view that man has originated from one of the lower forms of primates is only a deduction from the Darwinian theory.' It has not yet been verified, and scientific men are not yet able to formulate its whence or how. * * *

"Under these circumstances it would seem premature to be readjusting our Scriptural notions so as to accord with scientific theories not yet even formulated."

Professor McCloskie is far higher authority on the subjects concerning which he wrote than Dr. Smith is. We do not like to see men moving along in life as back numbers, but it is possible to be "up to date" overmuch.

Notes.

Our Religious World columns contain this week a large amount of interesting reading mater. We should not feel that we were publishing a satisfactory paper if we failed to lead our readers out into that wider view of the work of the kingdom which such notes afford. It has been observed, doubtless, by many of our readers that the matter appearing in our Religious World columns is not mere news matter, but that it is of an editorial nature. Every item therein is writen with the editorial pen, and there is mingled with narration such editorial comment as seems needful in order that all may go forth on the most fruitful mission. There is very little scissors and paste work done in the office of The Pacific.

The country loses in the death of President Beardshear of the Iowa Agricultural College a man of marked ability and far-reaching influence. The present writer's acquaintance with him dated from college days at Otterbein, Westervile, Ohio. In 1876, from the halls of a small college, he went forth to a life work, the influence of which will abide long upon the earth. As Superintendent of Schools in Des Moines, as President of Western College at Toledo, Iowa, and later for many years as President of Iowa Agricultural College, he labored for the best things in the lives of all with whom he was associated. Last year he was President of the National Teachers' Association, a position occupied now by President Elliott of Harvard. Of fine Christian character from early manhood, he will be greatly missed, not only in Iowa, but far wider.

President Graves of the University of Washington, and a member of the University Congregational church of Seattle, having been asked by The Oregonian to give his views concerning the relation of the Eugene Divinity School and the University of Oregon, takes the position that the University and the Divinty School will strengthen each other and that "the existence of the denominational seminary at the seat of the University need not add to the burdens of the taxpayers or interfere with the progress of free thought." President Graves expresses himself also as to the relation of universities and denominational colleges and maintains that the latter would be better if they were grouped around the State universities. Each denomination, he argues, could, at one twentieth of the expense, obtain every advantage that could be procured from a well-endowed denominational colege of its own; and on the other hand, the State University would have a religious atmosphere about it which could not otherwise be created. In our opinion there is in Washington a fine opportunity for such an affiliation on the part of the Congregationalists. There are already two Congregational colleges in the Northwest—Whitman at Walla Walla, Washington, and Pacific at Forest Grove, Oregon. Ten or twelve years ago the present writer thought that a Congregational college should be established on Puget Sound and was secretary of an organization having that in view. We are still of the opinion that such an institution could be built up there as would fill a large place in all that Northwest country. But it would not be easy to command the necessary funds. A much smaller amount would found a denominational hall in close proximity to the University of Washington. Congregational young people attend the University of Washington, and that attendance will have large increase as the years roll on. Last year Michigan University had 600 Congregational students and 900 Methodists. Whatever kind of annex the laws of Washington would allow would not damage our colleges at Walla Walla and Forest Grove, and it would be of great benefit to our young people in the University; and, as President Graves says, would be beneficial also to the University. Educationally, things are yet in somewhat of a formative condition in Washington, and we believe that hard by the State University at Seattle there is a door of large opportunity for the Congregationalists. It can be entered in the earlier years of the first decade of the twentieth century more advantageously than at any other time.

The Rev. J. R. Knodell of Santa Cruz returned last week from Seattle, Washington, where he was spending his vacation. Mr. Knodell preached each Sunday while in Seattle and did not find the usual rest and recuperation which the minister needs after a year of hard work. The call to the superintendency of city missions in Seattle, which came to him a few weeks ago from the Congregationalists of that city, has been declined. He was, however, greatly impressed with the opportunities for Christian work in that rapidly growing city. The call appealed to him strongly; but duty seemed to be yet at Santa Cruz, where he has been for only two years. We rejoice with the Santa Cruz church over the outcome, and trust that Seattle Congregationlists will be able to secure some one at an early date who will lay hold of that work there with the same energy with which they knew it would be undertaken if they secured the man of their first choice. It is a work that ought to be done, and it should be begun without much delay. Seattle Congregationalism has a large number of earnest, able Christian laymen, who stand ready to back up such a work and thus make Congregationalism a great power for good in that city, and far more widely. The removal of the indebtedness of $30,000 on Plymouth church and

the large contributions from time to time to the Y. M. C. A. show the spirit of Plymouth church people—our largest organization there. Dr. Temple, the pastor, made it known some time ago that with that indebtedness out of the way Plymouth church would be ready to enter into such a city missionary work as would make possible the planting of churches soon at a number of strategic points; and no soner had the $30,000 been pledged than steps were taken for the making of a handsome contribution for the work of city missions. It was no easy task for Plymouth church to raise the money to cancel that mortgage. Seattle, it should be remembered, is a young city; largely the men who are at the head in church affairs there are young men who began without much capital, and the paying of so great an indebtedness means more than it would in some other places. But the Seattle spirit was in it. That spirit has pushed Seattle to the front despite untoward circumstances for many years. It ought of course to operate in church affairs as well as in other affairs—and it has operated and will continue to operate and to achieve. Our hat, if we had one on just now, would be lifted to Seattle, notwithstanding the fact that she has failed to secure this California brother. No one who has ever lived within her borders will doubt that the search for the right man for the work will be prosecuted and that, in due time, the work itself will be inaugurated and carried on earnestly for the good of man and the glory of God.

The Religious World.

The American Bible Society shows true Christian patriotism when it meets, through its colporteurs, every foreigner who lands at Ellis Island, and puts into his hands evangelical literature printed in his native tongue.

The Rev. F. B. Meyer arrived in this country last week and for several weeks will speak at Northfield and in some of the Eastern cities. Before he takes up the work again as pastor of Christ church, London, he expects to visit Norway, Sweden, Finland and Germany.

Here are congratulations to the Presbyterian church of Goshen, Indiana. It has had the Rev. H. N. Van Nuys as pastor for more than fifty years. It is his first pastorate and he is the only pastor the church has ever had. Goshen is a flourishing little city in Northen Indiana, with a population of about ten thousand, and the Presbyterian church is one of the most influential churches in the city.

Street-preaching is growing in favor. It took some time for people to learn that it was not of the Salvation Army quality simply because it was street-preaching. This summer it has attracted in many cities an interested hearing on the part of a good many people who would pass by the Salvation Army worker. Results, of course, cannot be tabulated, but the testimony is that much good has been done.

Last week we made mention of the fact that family worship is held daily in the home of Senator Dolliver of Iowa. Since then we have learned something as to his heritage. His boyhood home was a godly one. His father was a Methodist circuit rider and a marvelous camp-meeting preacher; but, above all, he was a very devout man and one who gave his children excellent training. He is living today at the age of eighty-six.

For forty years the Rev. Dr. Daniel Bliss was president of the Protestant Syrian College at Beirut in Syria. Recently, at the time of his retirement from that position, services were held in his honor; many gifts were bestowed on him and his wife by the alumni of the college, and among other words were these from a native who is dragoman to the American consulate: "During your lifetime in the East you have amassed no material gains, but you have a greater wealth in the deep love which you have awakened in the many hearts throughout Syria." And Dr. Henry Jessup said: "We do not propose to erect any monument when our friend is gone. If you would see a monument to Daniel Bliss, look around you."

About twenty years ago a Sunday-school was started in the lower river flats of Minneapolis by the Westminster church of that city, which has grown from an attendance of 50 to 1,090. The present enrollment is 1,450. The region in which the school was begun was one of the toughest portions of the city. Now, there are neat and orderdly flats and many Christian homes, and the Sunday-school is one of the largest in the country. Such results ought to serve as an inspiration to others elsewhere to enter upon similar work in needy localities, and as an encouragement also to all who are working in such places today under discouragements. God's Word is not to return unto him void, and all such work must have its reward in renewed lives and transformed communities.

A writer in the London Examiner expresses the opinion that the crisis in the London Missionary Society arises from the fact that the missionary obligation is not keenly realized by a large number of church members, and that what is needed is not so much special appealing for money as systematic instruction in the great ideas and duties that underlie missionary enterprise, and regular information about the work in the field. The rank and file of the churches, it is said, know very little of missionary achievement; and interest being small, gifts are correspondingly small. Another very sensibly says. "Every minister should have at least one misionary friend with whom he corresponds, and every misionary ought to feel that one church at least understands his work, its trials and its triumphs." These are excellent suggestions for America as well as for England.

The Philadelphia Methodist Episcopal Conference wil be held this year in an historical church building. Philadelphians claim that it is the oldest M. E. church edifice in the world. The church has had 132 pastors, among the number being Francis Asbury, the first Methodist Bishop ordained in America. Asbury attended services there on the evening of the day he arrived in this country and his first sermon in this country was preached there. On the 14th of July, 1773, the first Methodist Conference in America was held in this edifice. During the occupation of Philadelphia by the British army in 1777, it was used as a hospital. Among the oldtime articles preserved there is Asbury's pulpit Bible. The church is now a down-town one and an effort is being made to raise an endowment, and to perpetuate the organization and building, where they have been for nearly a century and a half. The church was first given the name "George," presumbably after the reigning English king; this was changed later to "St. George's." The history of this church shows that people get into prison in strange ways. Its construction was begune by the Dutch Reformed people. They planned beyond their means; got into debt and, as the laws so allowed in those days, were cast into prison; later, the building was sold to satisfy the creditors and passed

by a second purchase into the possesion of the Methodists. In the paper in which we read concerning this historical church a page from an old account book is produced. It is the first financial record of the church. We presume when it was in the possession of the Dutch Reform people. Inasmuch as there are two entries in the month of December, 1769, for wine, a gallon each time, we infer that it was not for communion purposes; but in accordance with the customs of the day—"for the stomach's sake."

A few months ago The Pacific quoted from an open letter, which the Rev. Robert Whitaker had written to his Baptist brethren, which indicated that Mr. Whitaker might not find work in that denomination congenial much longer, on account of certain advanced views of his. But in a short time thereafter he entered on evangelistic work among the Baptist churches, and has been meeting with considerable success. The last issue of The Pacific Baptist says concerning him: "Rev. Robert Whitaker, whose successful evangelistic meetings at Reno, Nev., were noted in these columns some weeks ago, has accepted the invitation of Dr. Stubbs, President of the Nevada State University, to return to Reno about the middle of September and give a course of lectures on Ethics during the fall semester. The money to provide for the new lectureship was generously donated by a liberal Episcopalian of Reno. Mr. Whitaker will also assist in the department of elocution and debate. Last week he visited friends in Portland, and from here went to Tacoma, where he will supply the pulpit of the First Baptist church for three Sundays this month. He will also visit his old friends in Seattle, and will then return to San Francisco for a short sojourn, prior to taking up his residence for the fall months at Reno." Mr. Whitaker has many friends among the Congregationalists of the coast, who will read with interest this note concering him. No one becomes acquainted with him without becoming attached to him. Readers of The Pacific will remember what a manly confession he made a few months ago as to the mistake of that partial separation from the church when he entered on the work of the Christian Comrades in this city. That experience of a few months taught him that if one wishes to preach Christ he can do it far more advantageously in the church than out of it; and his thorough loyalty to Christ led him to say it, notwithstanding the fact that the admission stamped his departure as a mistake and failure.

Mr. Thomas Kane of Chicago tells in The Interior, in reminiscences of Dr. Gray, the late editor, of an incident at the time Dr. Hillis was called to the Central church of Chicago. Dr. Gray's acquaintance with Hillis was limited at that time, and he said promptly and emphaticaly, "Hillis must not accept a call there." When asked why, he replied: "Hillis is young, warm-hearted and would naturally be influenced by his friends and surroundings. The prevailing winds over there, as I understand, are Unitarian. I am afraid he is not anchored strong enough to resist them." Mr. Kane, ascertaining that Dr. Gray was not familiar with Hillis' early struggles and history, arranged for their meeting the next day. He says: "I wish I could fitly describe that interview. It was plain that Hillis was inclined to accept the call if it was made. Dr. Gray frankly expressed his fears. An illustration he used was: 'As you know, Hillis, all the willow trees on the prairies around Chicago lean to the northeast, just because the prevailing winds are from the southwest. I understand the currents over at Central church are Unitarian, and with your disposition I fear you will not be able to withstand the constant pressure.' The conversation was long and earnest. Finally Gray said: 'It all boils down to this one question, What is your unalterable opinion of Jesus Christ? I mean as to his divinity and atonement.' Hillis replied with manifest feeling: 'Gray, take the divinity of Jesus Christ and his atonement for sinners on Calvary out of the Bible or out of my belief, and I would never preach another sermon. These two doctrines are the heart, the soul, the citadel of Christianity. Everything else is secondary.' There was silence for a moment, says the narrator, and then Dr. Gray, raising his head with very evident emotion, said: "Well, Hillis, I guess you are going, and if you do, God bless you. I see more clearly than you possibly can what you will have to contend with both in your environment and from the outside. I will stand by you personally and with The Interior only on one condition; that is, that you stand loyally by Jesus Christ. You must stand by the Master." Then raising his closed hand higher with each repetition of the word and with increasing emphasis, he said: "Hilis, Hillis, Hillis—Damn a man anyway who won't stand by his Master." Tears, it is said, were running down Hillis' cheeks by this time; Dr. Gray was brushing a few from his eyes with his hand, and Mr. Kane testifies that his eyes were by no means dry. He concludes as follows: "Wrong to use such language? Yes. At such a time and under such circumstances? I doubt it. At any rate, I have heard thousands of sermons but never one so short or one which left so deep and lasting an impression. If it was a sin, I have no doubt the Master forgave him just as I have no doubt of Paul's forgiveness, if he sinned, when, under far less emotion than Gray felt, he wrote with his own hand in black and white that much stronger sentence, 'If any man serve not the Lord Jesus Christ let him be anathema'—let him be accursed."

A Midsummer Sunday in Oakland.

W. N. Burr.

"*Is* this midsummer?" we asked ourselves. Almost all day we looked out upon gray skies, and shiveringly moved about when we were free to do so, to keep ourselves warm. We tried to keep a knowledge of our chills quite to ourselves, for fear lest these Northerners should laugh at us; but we thin-blooded Southern Californians were glad we had not left all our heavy winter clothing behind us, and at times when we thought nobody was looking we threw overcoats and wraps about our shoulders and warmed up a little. Once, about nine o'clock, we found a bar of sunshine across the floor of a room that faces eastward, and we went over and stood on the bright spot, and thought of home. But the cheery little comforter from sunland did not linger long, and when we went out to morning service the skies were grayer than ever. "It is getting ready to rain. I am afraid that big church will be chill and almost empty this morning," somebody was thinking—which proves that affairs in the north cannot be judged by southern standards. The northerners seemed to take to gray skies and chilled air like ducks to water, and then came pouring into the big church in such numbers that even we shivering thin-bloods from the south sat comfortably without overcoats and heavy wraps in the midst of the great congregation.

It was our first service at the Oakland First church. For years we have looked this way when the largest churches of our denomination were mentioned, and have

rejoiced with pride that is pardonable, I think, that Brooklyn, away on the other side of the continent, does not carry all the honors. And we had looked forward with delightful anticipation to the day when we might come and worship with the people of this church that has so long led our churches on the Pacific Coast. The First church of Los Angeles is forging to the front so fast that Southern California is likely to take its turn as leader and keep it for a long, long time, unless somebody up Seattle way grows larger still in the next few years, which is not at all unlikely. But Oakland First has so long carried the banner that we felt it an event in our lives to enter its capacious building, and look into the faces of its people, and listen to the choice instruction of its earnest and efficient pastor.

There was simplicity and naturalness in the service that preceded the sermon that seemed to mark it as true worship. One felt that the people had gathered, not to be entertained, but to worship God, and that pastor and choir were not there as entertainers, but as leaders of the people in a service devout and worshipful. The responsive reading from the Psalter, the entire congregation standing, seemed to us unusually impressive.

"The Clear Supremacy of Christ's Teaching" was the sermon theme, from the text, "Never man spake like this man." "This is not the word of a warm-hearted admirer," said the pastor, "but of one whose opposition had been suddenly overcome by the charm of the Master's speech. Jesus taught as one having authority, and those who heard him felt the subtle power of his transcendant teaching.

"Note the supremacy of this teaching over what had gone before. He himself urged it. 'Ye have heard that it hath been said by them of old time, * * * but I say unto you.' So we should regard that which is only introductory and incomplete, and that which is the full, ripe word of truth. The perfect revelation is found in the mind of Christ."

The supremacy of Christ's teaching over all that followed was noted. Read the words of Jesus and those of Paul and Peter and John, and it is easy to distinguish which is Master and which pupil. If you could keep but one book of the Bible, and were permitted to make your own choice, it would be one of the four gospels you would choose to retain, because Christ's word is found there. Paul said some things that were for the people only of his own time; but Christ speaks to all lands for all time.

The supremacy of his words is seen in the effect of his teaching upon the world. The victories of Christianity have been brought about largely through the four gospels; and if the church had given less of its time and power to the discussion of this and that dogma, and more to pressing the Christianity of Christ's sermon on the mount, of his parables, etc., we would have been brought nearer to the millennium than we are today.

In closing the sermon Mr. Brown urged the duty of familiarity with the matchless words of Christ; and his plea for more Bible study was impassioned and searching. Especially ought the generation growing up to be made to know the teachings of Christ. "Make much of the Bible school," he urged, "that we may spread abroad a knowledge of the truth that shall make us free."

Most appropriately this service closed with the hymn,

"Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run."

Because of convenience we went in the evening to the Brooklyn Presbyterian church in East Oakland. This church seems to be well equipped materially for its work. Apparently everything needed in this line is provided. The pastor, Rev. H. W. Fraser, preached earnestly on "The Causes of Present-Day Indifference to Christ's Invitations," from the text, "But they made light of it, and went their ways, one to his farm and another to his merchandise" (Matt. xxii: 5). As in the parable, so today men are making light of their opportunities to gain the best things God is offering to them. This indifference is caused by love of sin; the glamor of commercialism; the enticements of worldly pleasures; and the low standards by which many professed Christians run their lives. As a result, many are losing their sense of the divine which was taught them at the mother's knee, and souls are being destroyed by the non-use of the spiritual faculties.

As the day came to a close the Master's words came to mind: "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." Everywhere we go we find eager disciples, who are lifting up the Christ before the people, and he is more and more taking possession of his own and drawing the world to himself. "Never have there been so many 'Lives of Jesus,'" says Ian Maclaren; "never have his words been so anxiously studied."

Sparks from the Anvil.

BY DR. JOHNS D. PARKER.

In one of the coal mines of England there is the constant formation of new rock from the dripping of water containing lime, in solution, which is deposited as the water drips down. When work is going on in the mine, and dust is flying, the lime rock is colored gray. On the Sabbath, when work in the mine ceases, and the dust does not fly, there is a narrow white stratum which the miners call "Sunday stone." The limerock is thus banded, the six days of the week being represented by a wide gray band of limestone, separated by narrow bands of white limestone representing the Sabbath. May there not be something similar going on in our hearts? We know that the lessons and experiences of life leave an impression on our souls. May not the Holy Sabbath, with all its spiritual lessons and holy voices leave an impression of purity that will be known and read of all men when all coal mines will be a thing of the past?

Multitudes think and work fast during most of the year, and then in the summer take an outing to rest and recuperate their powers. Amidst the feverish activities of life we need to emphasize the contemplative side of life. Even Christ said: "Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place and rest awhile." What are the lessons to be learned during our vacations? Nature cries out for rest. The weary brain and tired hand need it. Perhaps the bain needs rest more than the hand. All things in Nature demand rest. The hush of night falls on the world; the flowers fold their leaves; the birds cease from their songs, and man rests from his toil. We need opportunities to gather up the lessons of the past, and time to lay our plans for the future. It is said that "an ounce of thinking is worth a pound of work." Thinking goes before work and makes it profitable. When we travel we ought to take our religion with us. It is good ideally to travel with the Master. He is a safe and blessed companion. We ought to be polite. When the British Association came over years ago and met in Montreal, Lady Landsdown gave a party, and when ice cream was served the word went out, "Help

yourselves." Then there was a scramble for ice cream. When the occasion was nearly over some of the scientists were called on for impromptu speeches. One scientist rose and made an apology for scrambling for ice cream. He said he should never have done so at home, and he was sorry that he for the moment forgot himself. The apology came from a noble man, and all forgave him. Powers of observation should be active when we travel. We should learn all we can, and bring the lessons home for others who have no outing. Work fits us for vacation, and vacation fits us for work. When Christ withdrew into the desert place to rest, he embraced the opportunity to feed the hungry multitudes that followed him. Travelers should be ready to respond to the first call of duty. Companionship with the Master prepared the Apostles for being the almoners of this bounty.

The apostle says we "know in part." To learn our limitations is one of the most important problems of life. Men must live in this world and not in some other world, which, perhaps, has greater opportunities. Man's life is brief, like a vapor, and no man knows when the sun rises that he will see the sun go down. Man's powers of observation are limited, and his methods of reasoning are imperfect. Man needs a Revelation to enable him to see beyond the grave, beyond the line of human vision. Man came out of the silence of the past, and he is hastening on towards a future world, of which he has only glimpses. Some men pride themselves on their reasoning powers, and talk about the "Lamp of Reason." But this lamp sometimes burns dimly and needs snuffing. It is a good thing to consider our limitations and feel humble. Herod could imprison Peter, but he could not keep him in prison. Herod could receive divine honors for a few moments, but he was carried from the theater in agony, was eaten of worms, and died miserably.

Egg-Collecting.

BY MARY E. BAMFORD.

Many a lad makes a collection of birds' eggs, but to find the various kinds of butterfiy, moth, or other small eggs on leaves or in the water of ponds, requires sharp eyes and recognition of queer forms. Some look like flower-buds. For instance, one day I was on a quiet road, where stood a tree. Going to look at the leaves, I discovered one leaf, on the back of which there seemed to be a small garden. Twenty little things, like so many small green flower-buds, stood each on a tiny stem five- sixteenths of an inch long, so slender as to shake readily. I picked my leaf and carried it home, for that apparent little "garden" of flower-buds was nothing less than the eggs of that half-inch long insect that we see around our houses in the summer time—Chrysopa, the "Golden-Eyed Fly," that wears gauzy, green-veined wings and has big, brassy, yellow eyes. Many a bright child must have noticed the creature on the side of the house or on the window-pane, perhaps, toward late summer afternoons or early evenings.

After I had kept my little "flower-garden" leaf a while, all the buds turned lilac-color, instead of green, and then something happened. The first thing I knew, all those buds had split open and little brown creatures, with six legs and a pair of nippers apiece, had come out, leaving the "buds" of a white color, looking like so many white flowers standing on their tiny stems. In such a state the leaf might have been kept by a collector. But how those dreadful six-legged, nipper-weaponed creatures that had come out did eat plant-lice! For the creatures were "Aphis Lions," and after I had kept and fed them for a while, they went to sleep in cocoons, and came out as gauzy green-winged, yellow-eyed creatures. And the moral of all this is, never destroy a leaf that has on its back a "flower garden" of green or lilac-colored buds, for there shall come creatures that will do their best to rid your rose-bushes of plant-lice.

Butterfly eggs are generally small; not larger than pin-heads. If a boy knows what sort of a plant the caterpillar of a certain butterfly feeds on, then he may, by careful hunting on the leaves of such a plant, find the butterfly's eggs. These show a great variety of shapes; spindle-shaped, round, ribbed. The eggs must, in many cases, be looked at under a microscope, to show the beauty of the tiny things. Mr. Scudder, speaking of butterfly eggs, says, "The vaulted summits might give useful hints to the architect; indeed, chancing to study some of our New England forms during a winter spent in Egypt, I was greatly struck by their singular resemblance to the traceried domes of the Cairo mosques. The extreme summit is always covered by a little rosette of cells of the most exquisite higher powers of the microscope to discern, but arranged in such definite patterns, that, in looking at them, we seem to be peering through the circular rose-window of a miniature Gothic cathedral." He says, "The eggs can then be gummed, with or without the leaf on which they are laid, upon triangular bits of card-board, pinned and transferred to the cabinet. Inspissated ox-gall, diluted with an equal quantity of thick gum arabic, makes the best material for attachment to the card."

The eggs of some water insects can be found without much difficulty, especially if one is in the habit of keeping such creatures sometimes in captivity. Of course, almost every child has seen the boat-shaped eggs of the mosquito floating in the water in some cask or on some pool. One kind of flat "water-scorpion" that I have often found in California pools carries its brown eggs on its back. Some times there are only a few; sometimes many. I have counted over one hundred eggs on one scorpion's back. Sometimes such eggs are found floating in the water. They can easily be kept, as the egg-mass dries into something partly resembling the cop of an acorn. I kept one of these hard, outwardly corrugated little brown masses a long time till I gave it away to a young normal student who might perhaps make use of it in some class she might have in nature study in school.

A noticeable water creature's egg-nest is the white egg-case of our California black water beetle, known to me as the "water lover," a member of the Hydrophilidae. Anybody who keeps a glass jar of these beetles and gives them some water weeds, will be rewarded with finding these white egg-nests on sticks and leaves, the nests looking somewhat like small white silk bandboxes, about three-eights of an inch long and a little more than one-eighth of an inch in diameter. Often these "bandboxes" have attached a slip of white, floating in the water. Little yellow specks are inside the "bandbox." Squirming, funny, six-legged creatures come out of the "bandbox" some day with wicked intentions of killing worms or each other, if food is not plenty. The white "bandboxes," for all their dainty looks, are the hatching-places of murderers.

The eggs of those queer bugs that swim on their back and are known as "water boatsmen," may be found on small sticks of wood in the water. These eggs are

not inclosed in "bandboxes" and are only about one-sixteenth of an inch long.

On some stray honeysuckle or blackberry leaf may it be your good fortune, as it has been mine, to find a number of white little "barrels" about one-sixteenth of an inch high. There were closed lids to the barrels, too. The barrels became marked with red, before the young bugs came out. The lids were kept tightly shut, and I think were probably sealed. But there was the rim around each shut lid, as if it were a can labeled "Cut here." The young bug inside knew all about that rim, as well as if he could read directions. For when he came out, he cut around the rim in the neatest kind of way, leaving a "hinge," so that his white barrel afterwards had a tiny white lid.

The eggs of "lady bugs" are oval and bright yellow. One may find them standing upright on rose leaves or other leaves, and such eggs should usually be let alone, for out of them come some of the gardener's and farmer's best friends. I have seen lady-bug larvae coming out of such eggs, which have turned gray before opening. A hole comes in the top of an egg, and one sees the lady-bug's child crawling out of the hole. Here he comes, slowly, slowly. One foot is out—another, another. What a thing it is to have six feet to extricate! Sometimes larvae lie on their backs when coming out.

The small, white oval egg of the wasplike Syrphus fly is found on leaves, and should not be destroyed, for the grub that comes out eats plant lice. Like the children of the lady-bug and the golden-eyed fly, the Syrphus grubs are the farmer's friends.

Several churches in Oakland have offered the use of their houses of worship to the First Baptist people, whose building was destroyed by fire Sunday night. Among the edifices placed at their disposal is that of the Seventh Day Adventists. This they could use Sunday mornings and evenings. Others could be had only in the afternoon. It is likely, however, that the Y. M. C. A. auditorium will be found most convenient, all things considered. The membership of the First Baptist church is about six hundred. They are a thoroughly united and harmonious people; and, although without any great wealth, plans have been inaugurated which will place on the old grounds in a few months a new house of worship such as the needs of the work demand. Twenty-five thousand dollars will give them a better edifice than the one which was destroyed at a loss of $35,000, with an insurance of $15,000.

Arrangements have been perfected for special evangelistic work by the Rev. George F. Pentecost, D.D., LL.D., in the mission fields of Eastern Asia. Dr. Pentecost expects to start for Hongkong about the middle of next month and to spend one year in China, Japan and the Philippines. It is said that the larger part of the time will be spent in Japan, in which country the work will be under the auspices of the Congregational and Presbyterian churches. In such cities as Yokohama, Shanghai and Manila evangelistic services will be in the foreign communities; there will be Bible conferences for missionaries and native workers, and by means of interpreters there will be services for the reaching and conversion of the natives. In all probability the year will be one of the most useful in Dr. Pentecost's career as a minister and evangelist. The sending to the foreign communities in those lands of so able and so successful a gospel worked ought to avail much therein.

Acorns from Three Oaks.

Aloha.

Chain Letters.

Please do not send me chain letters. I have refused one dear friend, and now to accede to the wishes of another would be an unkind partiality. Our wisest postal authorities, clearest-headed editors, and most devoted spiritual advisers counsel against the use of the "chain letter" in the raising of charity funds. I do not think it prejudice on my part that I do not like the prayer-chain-letters. But I do believe in prayer. Ask me to pray for rain in any county in California where the usual rainfall God lovingly sends is delayed. Tell me of any dear church of his in trouble and if the financial Prince McLean cannot go I will try to ask for books for any station of the A. B. C. F. M. as I have asked, and do ask again, for beloved Aintab. If Doctor Scott in Lares, Porto Rico, wants a second horse I will start the ball for him. My apricots can go in season where Brother Harrison says it is wise to send them. Make as many specific demands on me as heaven puts in your heart, but please relieve me from the mechanical "chain." I am too poor a mathematician to figure out a reason, but can write plain English enough to ask you to come at me in some other way. And if your friends push the mistaken missives on you, have courage to return them in faith and love as I have. If Brother Ferrier will simply say an editorial "Amen" to this humble acorn, it will count more than any cluster of oak twigs I can cast at the chain letter praying which I don't think is quite the method our Father in heaven approves.

God's Fire-Fly.

Brother Lucas told the children yesterday of a poor widow whose husband, before he died, had made nine out of ten payments on a little home for his wife and child. But the man of whom the house was bought also died. His son refused to believe the widow's words and bade her and her little boy "move on!" In despair the afflicted widow sat with her litle boy in the window of the home which on the mornow they must tearfully leave. A fire-fly came in at the window which the boy eagerly chased and which eluded him, finally crawling in a book which lay in the bottom of a rarely used old bureau drawer. You and I have chased bugs in like fashion. Opening the old book, which the fire-fly briefly illumined, the widow found the nine receipts which went so far toward paying for her home that the rest of the payment became possible. Friends! God answers reasonable prayer. He ought not answer unwise and unreasonable prayers. Let us watch for his fire-flies on gregational church in Saratoga as if the high-water ing, by our faith and joyful service, his benevolent ways to others.

A Live Missiouary Meeting.

It seemed after Doctor Ament's address in the Congregational church in Caratoga as if the high-water mark had been set so high other missionary addresses must be tame. Not so! One great missionary address only kindles appetite and opportunity for another. Last evening Rev. Nathan Maynard of the Southern Baptist mission in Japan held an eager union audience for an hour in the Christian church, and then we asked questions and shook hands and did not hurry from the glowing scene. We commend union quarterly missionary meetings in any group of churches which want to draw together and to instruct and arouse their young people for God's great work in the twentieth century.

Mr. and Mrs. Maynard sail on the Gaelic September 3d for Japan. He says the Congregational churches

in Japan are splendidly fitted. If they give the pure and simple gospel to the people as faithfully as the Southern Baptists do we shall continue to hear great things from Japan. If any Oakland pastor or San Francisco brother wants to hear an earnest and serious optimist in missions he might possibly get this Brother Maynard by a letter sent to Los Gatos.

Look Up a Little for Saratoga.

Please, friends who love missions, pray specially for the Saratoga missionary settlement this week. I'll tell you why later. Revs. Geo. H. DeKay and Sidney Parrow, with their families, are spending some time at Saratoga. Mr. DeKay preached in the Congregational church August 3d, and Rev. O. W. Lucas on August 10th.

On the Shore of Monterey Bay.

CLARE O. SOUTHARD.

In that beautiful spot, Pacific Grove, where the stately pine trees, softly sighing, stand guard, even to the water's edge, the State Woman's Christian Temperance Union has for years held its annual summer Conference.

This annual gathering, formerly known as a School of Methods for State workers, has expanded until it includes all reforms, and each season specialists in reform work are invited to attend and present their views, on which there is discussion by the audience. This Conference is now designated a Congress of Reform. At the session, July 27th to Augut 1st of this season, was presented a program arranged under three general divisions—civic, social and domestic reform, with various subdivisions. The opening session was Sunday morning, when Mrs. Ada Wallace Unruh, National W. C. T. U. Organizer, gave the sermon on "Shall We Fast or Serve?" In the evening there was an address by Mrs. Helen Harford, President of Oregon W. C. T. U., on the subject, "The Problem We Face." Fine music was rendered at both sessions by "Our Miriam," Mrs. Renowden Bailey, and the White Ribbon Clover-Leaf Club, whose members are Miss Katherine von Glahn, Mrs. Mary Johnston, Mrs. Edith Moulton and Miss Grace Turner. They were assisted at other sessions by Mrs. N. D. L. Swan and Miss Gertrude M. Kimball, Mrs. B. Kimball, accompanist.

Mrs. Sturtevant-Peet, State President, who presided, gave a brief address of welcome at the Monday afternoon session. She sketched the progress of the Union and spoke of the necessity for co-operating with other reforms and enlisting them if possible in the suppression of the liquor traffic. Mrs. Unruh, whose subject was municipal reform, stated that the chief factor in civil corruption was the failure of municipal officials to regard seriously their oath of office; urged that a higher standard of morals in candidates for public office be insisted on; that that if all State and municipal regulations were rigidly enforced nearly all saloons would be compelled to close even though licensed; she strongly condemned the liquor license laws; urged every citizen to carefully study municipal ordinances; and thought municipal reform would be far nearer accomplishment when women were granted the franchise. In the discussion it was stated that the best men do not wish to hold office and that women must begin work against the pot-house politicians by asking their husbands, who are good, of course, like themselves, to take office; that it was a woman who gave prohibition to Kansas, who, when she learned that her husband had voted "No," sent a note saying, "If you love me, dear, vote, "Yes," and he changed his vote.

Mrs. C. M. Ayers, President of Santa Clara county W. C. T. U., presented the possibilities of woman's effort in municipal reform, citing numerous patriotic efforts of the mothers of the Republic; attributing the recent downfall of Tammany Hall to the work of New York women; eulogized the official career of Mrs. Paul, Street Commissioner of Chicago, as combining unusual efficiency and economy; thought woman handicapped without the ballot, that, though she had accomplished much without it, still with it her efforts for reform would be doubly successful.

Mrs. Harford spoke on the economics of prohibition, claiming that $4 out of every $5 of taxes could, with prohibition, be saved to the people, since there would be no need of penitentiaries, jails, or almshouses, illustrating by towns which had prohibition and empty jails,

Mrs. Dorcas J. Spencer, State Corresponding Secretary, suggested that, as the liquor problem will eventually be solved on economic rather than on moral grounds, more attention be paid to this side of the question in future.

Mr. O. K. Cushing, Chairman of the Judiciary Committee of Associated Charities and Corrections, discussed, in the evening, judicial reforms. He scored the proposed "State Commission" for the concentration of various officers; spoke of the abuse of State charity to orphans, there being paid $1,000 a day from the State for the care of orphans and halforphans—what becomes of it? He plead for juvenile courts, where the judge should prove a friend and adviser; where probation officers should displace jailors, keeping surveillance over youthful offenders at their homes; the idea being to keep the boy or girl at home and make the home as good as may be, but above all, let politics be eliminated from all reform institutions.

Tuesday afternoon, Mrs. Unruh gave the requisite ideals for a Christian State, claiming that the approbation of the Deity rather than the consent of the governed is the true ideal government, and that politics should be secondary to religion. Mrs. Mary E. Teats, national purity evangelist, speaking on the science of life relative to social ethics, insisted that the creation of a new public conscience is the crying need of the day. Ere the present century has passed, she believes, the social evil will be non-existant, because of the efforts of the purity organizations. Discussion brought out that some impure pictures had been removed from billboards and better ones substituted; also an objection to the little child holding up the glass which advertises Hire's beer; and that thirty young men of the University of California and Stanford are distributing purity literature during their summer vacation.

Mrs. Margaret Pelton discussed literature and art as pertinent factors in social reform. She compared Oriental art and literature and their effect; and deplored the influence of certain modern novels as being the worst foes to purity. Mrs. Harford spoke of the debasing effect of art as displayed in advertising posters.

Mrs. Spencer recommended that an effort be made to secure a better class of books in public school libraries, especially in the rural districts: and Mrs. Unruh suggested a protest from the home, even to cutting off subscription to publications containing indecorous advertisements.

Mr. E. Carl Bank, ex-Superintendent of the reform school, then spoke on degeneracy as seen in reformatories, and said that juvenile delinquents are too apt to be regarded as incipient criminals; in reality there is very little difference between them and the average public school child; that delinquency is an adjunct of truancy, and truancy is often the fault of the parent or teacher. A large percentage of delinquents should not be placed in reformatories, but in the care of truant officers; disastrous results follow what he called herding delinquents together, as only ten percent of reformatory boys are really degenerates. Mrs. Hannah Bean urged that parents check the beginnings of evil in their offspring.

A paper on the press, a factor in reform by Mrs. Southard, gave a resume of what had been accomplished in this line by journals in the United States from early days to the present time. Mrs. Harford avowed that the press educated more than all other preachers and teachers.

The evening was devoted to an address by Dr. Thomas A. Boyer, entitled, "What Time Is It and Where Are We?" He thinks we do not know where we are going, but that does not matter; it is the present with which we have to deal; and though some deplore the golden age and think the present age is tending toward the bad, he believes it more than matches any other period of history—indeed is the golden age of the world; is a scientific age; one can now carry in his vest pocket a college library. He gave, in a few moments, an abstract of a novel which he said would have taken six weeks to read in any other age. Interspersed with many anecdotes the lecture was a strong one, touching many vital points, one of which was the nearness of the saloon to the church, warning the latter to look after its environment.

Wednesday, Mrs. Teats spoke on home harmony. She said that ancestry should be considered by all young people before accepting a mate in marriage.

Dr. Dorothea Moore, chairman of the Committee of Civics, Federation Clubs, presented the work and problems of the Consumers' League. This League proposes to investigate the conditions of workers and buyers, to establish a label for goods made under proper conditions, and to publish the names of merchants who handle such goods—all such goods must be made in sanitary factories during reasonable hours, and all members of the League will patronize merchants selling such goods. Much information regarding the League was obtained in answer to questions put by the audience.

Divorce, its primary and other causes, was discussed by Mr. Bradford Webster. It is said that the "new woman has been the cause of many separations." This may be true for the girl of today demands more of the man she marries. In a perfect marriage there must be congeniality, mutual sympathy and similar tastes, and, above all, the man and the woman must stand on the same moral plane. Connecticut is noted as having a decrease and Indiana an increase of divorces, but it is futile to condemn divorce laws; it is not so much an amendment of the law as an improvement in men that is needed. Six causes constitute grounds for divorce, five of which justify a judicial separation. Among the primary causes alcohol ranks as chief. Reverence for the marriage relation needs reinstatement. Discussion developed the thought that, in the new fields opening for women is one in which she should try to cultivate public sentiment that it may blaze out a path to uniform marriage and divorce laws in the United States.

A lesson in parliamentary law by Mrs. Harford closed the afternoon session at Assembly Hall in time for all to attend the reception given in the parlors of El Carmelo Hotel, under the auspices of the department of Social Meetings. A paper, "That Other Woman's Son," was read by Pansy (Mrs. G. R. Alden). Mrs. Alden brought home to fathers and mothers the fact that they must be ready to assist sons and daughters of others if they would save their own; also what a little thing it seems, yet of how great importance it is, to lend a hand in the right direction to young people just entering the social life of great cities. Dr. Milburn, so many years chaplain of the United States Senate, and his adopted daughter, Miss Gemley, were present and were presented to the State officers and to others, but made no address, being an invalid, due to an accident in Washington, D. C., about eight weeks since.

In the evening Mrs. Unruh talked of "The American Boy," the conditions which surround him, his value, how much is invested in him, and that, though there is protection for everything, and almost all creatures, there is none for the boy, but that many hundred thousands of women are endeavoring to have prohibited the traffic in strong drink, which is leading to worse than death such numbers of our American boys.

The report of other sessions will be given in these columns next week.

Irregular delivery of mails in San Francisco this week prevented us from receiving our Oregon letter and an Eastern Washington letter in time for publication this week. They will appear next week.

Workers Together with Him.

What an inspiration it is to every worker when he knows that he is associated with a noble craft, men of the finest mould and most masterly skill, who understand the demands that are made upon them for the best possible results! But what greater comfort it is to have for the head master one who is acknowledged as the paragon of perfection, who so thoroughly understands his business in all its details that no mistake can be made by him; that every diagram, every plan is not only perfect, but practical, and every part is adjusted so that the final will be a complete vindication of his superior ability—such as commands universal acceptance and cannot be improved upon.

There is but one such artisan, and he is the Architect of the universe. He who knoweth what is in man, intellectually, morally and spiritually, and so adjusts himself to the capability, adaptability and possibility of every co-worker, that all his energies of mind and body and all that he holds as a good steward of the manifold mercies of God, can and will be developed to their highest potentiality if obedient to his sovereign will, for it should be remembered that whatever infirmities and frailties of our nature inhere in us they can be eliminated or corrected so as to make them subservient to the highest and holiest purposes.

We have in our Head Master an infallible guide. He taketh of the things with which we desire above all other things to be most conversant, namely his will and word, and showeth them unto us, enlightening our minds, strengthening our wills, purifying our affections, elevating our conceptions, stimulating all our latent energies. Through Christ strengthening us we can measure up to God's ideals, for we get the concept of the divine mind and actualize the thoughts and purposes of God. In the doings of our daily lives we are working together with God.—Philadelphia Methodist.

The Sunday-School.

BY REV. W. H. SCUDDER.

Report of the Spies. (Num. xiii: 26–; 14i4.)

Lesson VIII. August 24, 1902.

Canaan has too long been considered a type of the heavenly country, which the people of God are crossing a desert to reach, and whose possession will be obtained only after foes are subdued and Jordan crossed. In fact, the force of the analogy is far spent, by the simple consideration that there are neither giants, Philistines, nor enemies of any description to be routed out of the heavenly land, and whatever warfare we carry on to reach it must necessarily occur before we cross Jordan. Canaan is a type of this world, and there is a much more practical use of the narrative relating to its capture and possession than talking about Promised Lands after death, and deserts of this world's journey of life. Our Lord came to establish a kingdom on earth. His announcement not only foreshadowed the future, but, like many another announcement, cast a strong light into the darkness of the past, revealing the same elements unconsciously present then, and showing lines which had to run parallel, because there was no one to focus them, and concentrate their power into a definite purpose. God was working in the time of Moses towards the same end, which plainly stands before the observant eye today. This world is the Promised Land, the Church is the Israel of God which must possess it. The lesson may give a hint as to the process.

1. There is need of carefully investigating the country.. From KadishBarnea there was but little country to what is now called Palestine, but before venturing to the actual process of conquest it was a part of great wisdom to learn the nature of those conditions which must be faced. Any general would do the same today. For once the Israelites showed a species of common sense, which it would do for Christians as a body (the Church) to be partakers of and some commentators to cease criticising. To rush into the world without knowing the conditions to be met, the obstacles to be overcome, and the kind of strategy needed for victory, means defeat or long drawn out dwelling in the wilderness, while we might be actively engaged in aggressive measures. It is a matter of profound thanksgiving that the church is beginning, as a whole, to realize the importance of "Spying out the World.' Such men as Father Endeavor Clark, and John R. Mott, who are moving around the world in order to learn the conditions favorable for Endeavor Societies and Y. M. C. A.'s—great conventions in which the pioneer workers are brought to the main body of workers, Secretaries of Mission Boards who go to study the fields, chosen men—these are doing a mighty work for strategic movements. Their number should be multiplied. Knowledge is half the contest, and three-fourths of the inspiration, if it be of the right kind. Regiments weary of remaining inactive, daily drilling, and doing routine service, which accomplishes so little. Let a messenger report an opportunity for a battle, or a chance to capture some outpost of the enemy, and the whole camp sparkles with life, every man eagerly prepares for action. This applies not only to work abroad, but at home, in our own vicinity. The prime factor of success in church or Sunday-school is acquaintance with conditions. Our Canaan is just before us. Study its needs, find the strategic points, send out your best into the field and prepare for an engagement.

2. Measure the exact force of the enemy.

The "spies" brought back two things: (1) A fine exhibit of the products of the land, to verify their assertion that it was a country immensely productive, flowing with milk and honey. That was encouraging. It must have fired those plodders along the barren wastes of the wilderness of Paran with intense desire to break camp at once, and strive for a country where food abundant for the cattle as well as for wives and children could be procured with ease. (2) They gave a correct and detailed account of the people, and the majority largely overestimated their strength and fighting resource. This was the point of failure. Ten against two failed to see the essential in all success, the need of struggle, backed by determination. They only looked at Anak giants, who eventually cut no figure in the conquest, by the way; at the cities with walls around them, just what they found in Bashan; at the people accustomed to petty warfare, just such as they met in the Amorites before entering Canaan at all (Deut. ii: 36). They measured the strength of these things and gave an "evil report"; i. e., overestimated the force which had to be met. Let me not be understood as decrying fair estimate of opposing forces. Indeed, if these "spies" overestimated the strength of the enemy, we have come upon times when we go to the other extreme and underestimate it by an overweening optimism. The fact needs emphasizing today, that the people of God should realize the *exact force* that is to be coped with. Again, the times show great advance along this line. As a fact, the evil forces in city and country are being better "sized up" than ever before. As a fact, the places where evil surrounds itself with defensive walls, or arms itself for desperate encounter, are becoming known. As a fact, we are learning just where evil touches the most potent point, and such knowledge is power. Let the good work go on. Shame the Shammuas and the Shaphats and the Igals into silence, and let the Calebs and Joshua's have a chance.

3. Gather courage from the situation.

There was much that these Israelites forgot in this critical juncture. (1) That was the "Promised Country." Behind everything they could do lay the purpose of the Almighty, revealed to them for their co-operation. They reckoned without that element, and grew despondent in proportion. Just as important is it for the church to remember that the purpose of God is to bring the kingdoms of this world into the kingdom of Christ. In darkest times that has held the armies of the Cross unwavering, how much more should it multiply their courage in full day. (2) Victory is secured by struggle. They left that entirely out of account. One wonders what they really did want. Their murmuring and bewailing and fear (v. 1-3) seemed to imply that they expected the inhabitants of Canaan to invite them to occupy the country, or send word that the foreigners from the desert might take quiet possession! Have we lived long enough to learn the lesson that no victory comes without struggle! We hear it in schools, impress it on our youth, teach it in evolution. Shall we learn it in the religious arena also. As surely as the church ceases struggling, defeat lurks around the corner. If there is no warfare the chance of victory is withdrawn. If we have no desire to face the foe, let us lament and bewail; there is nothing but the wilderness for us. Courage lies back of it all, and it must be gathered from the situation. It is better to die in the struggle than beat a retreat before striving to win. (3) It was as hard to go backward as forward. Think of that proposition, "Let us make a captain, and let us return into Egypt." Hardships, perils, hungerings, thirstings, slavery! Their

last estate would have been worse than their first. The world has no room for backward steps. The kingdom lies before, not behind us. To go back is to lose what has been gained by hard battling. Does not a real danger lie in fostering the thought of religious ease? If Canaan is to be taken for God, there is no such thing, and if we have not courage to advance to the attack, there is no such thing. If we fondly suppose it, and recommend retreat, supposed ease will be spelled d-e-f-e-a-t. It proved so in Israel's case. Not one of the discouraged bewailers ever shared in the victory, or crossed Jordan, but they had some thirty-eight years more of wilderness woes. Their loss of courage was expensive. Let us gather ours from the situation. We will share in the triumph by pressing forward with God's purpose.

4. Take advantage of the present opportunity.

"Let us go up at once, and possess it; for we are well able to overcome it." Thus speaks the man who saw the opportunity, and grasped the truth of the situation. What would Caleb say were he here with that same measure of sight into the meaning of events. Never before have God's people had such an opportunity as today. The principles of the kingdom are recgonized as the necessary foundations of national welfare. The relation of Brotherhood has settled over the world as an essential for progress. The goal of spiritual perfection has been acknowledged by science as that towards which this great groaning creation has been struggling these many ages. The critical onslaught of the Scriptures is resulting in peace that leaves its teachings master of the field. The great working force of the world is found to be love. The tides of the world make for civilization, but not one apart from Christian ethics. The religions of the world throw out grains of truth, but only that these may find place in the circle of the truth of God. The ideal man is found to exist only in Christ. The true revelation of this man to God, only in fellowship with the Father. The one spirit needed to make a heaven of earth is the Holy Spirit. What then? A call to watchfulness, lest we think the victory won, when the war is but begun; a summons for all to unite in a great campaign for the possession of the Land. A gathering around our Christ with demand that he lead to victory.

Christian Endeavor Service.

By Rev. Ben. F. Sargent.

Freedom for Service. (II Tim. ii: 4; Gal. v:1; Heb. xii: 1, 2.)

Topic for August 24, 1902.

Paul had just said to the young Endeavorer Timothy, "Endure hardship as a good soldier." We are now to learn of another thing which goes to make an endeavorer a Christian soldier. It is to keep himself free to serve his king. "For no man that warreth entangleth himself with the affairs of this life, that he may please him who hath called him to be a soldier.

What Makes a Man a Soldier?

It is not the uniform, nor the dress parade. It is the battles he fights, the marches and the watches. Above all it is following his leader and always doing what will please him.

To please our Master we must be free from the world and its entanglements. Sometimes the feet are entangled and we fall. The fascinating "two step" has so entangled the feet of some that they are no longer "swift and beautiful" for Christ.

Games of chance have entangled the hands of some so that they are no longer "free to serve." Other eyes besides Achan's have beheld forbidden things and so desired them as to take them. More often still, our hearts have become entangled with worldly affections and gone after other lovers besides Christ, or wordlly prosperity has thrown its "entangling veil" about our faces so that we can no longer see with clear vision the face of our Beloved.

This may serve as a good test for our amusements. All that dull our sense of spiritual life, that makes prayer less precious, that renders the Word of God less delightful, are to be avoided. By the same test we may judge of our companions, our books and our occupations. The entangling ones *must* go. Those that bring us nearer to Christ must remain.

Christian Liberty.

But let us hope that all of us Endeavorers have been made free with Christ's liberty. Then let us "stand fast in that liberty, and be not again entangled in the yoke of bondage." Christ's liberty is not freedom *from* service, but freedom *in* service. Without whole-hearted service and continual progress every condition would become a bondage. Even the shell of the nautilus would become its prison if it d'd not seek a larger one each year. Growth is freedom; stagnation is bondage. We can only keep our liberty by using it. This is Christ's law, use or lose. It is the one accustomed to walking who finds it no burden. The endeavorer who "takes some part in every meeting" will soon do so with perfect liberty. Let him neglect this for a month, and he will soon find himself entangled in the yoke of bondage to fear, timidity and distrust. But the Endeavorer has liberty not only to worship, but to serve, not himself, but others. There's royal liberty in service. The brook is free, giving itself to the world in service, or it becomes a stagnant pond. The air is free, but only in service. Confine it and it becomes dead air, laden with poison. Electricity is free because never idle, as Marconi has proven that it runs about the whole earth in ceaseless currents. When a boy on the farm and the young steers were broken to the yoke, it sometimes happened that they were unwilling to plow and in wild endeavor to escape became entangled in their yoke and well-nigh stranged. But the oxen used their yoke as instruments wherewith to turn over the soft furrow, rejoicing in their strength. The pledges we take upon us are yokes. If rightly used they become to us emblems of Christ's liberty. If we rebel against the life in which we find ourselves we shall become entangled in it and it will become to us a yoke of bondage.

But fear is past and our sins are behind us, and have shaken off the paralyzing hand that Satan once laid upon our life—only let us each beware relapse.

The Easily Besetting Sin.

Perhaps each of us has some one sin that the oftenest trips him up. This may come to him by *heredity*, and one comes into the race handicapped because of this influence from the past. A sin which comes along the line of natural temperament is hard to resist. Some are never attracted by sins which overwhelm others. Let each beware of his own besetting sin which appeals to him alone. He will need to look often unto Jesus to break its power.

There are its peculiar danger in sins of *habit*. Men are now embracing many a vice which at first they hated. Habit colors all sin. A bad habit comes a weight upon us in our Christian race. Lack of punctuality in attending meetings and in meeting appointments has seriously handicapped many an Endeavorer.

Exaggerations in speech, quickness in temper, harsh judgment are all heavy weights to carry. Let us cast them aside and run with patience the race set before us. Are you a beginner and easily tired? Press on and you will soon get your "second breath," and then be able to run easily to the end where Jesus waits to give you the prize.

Blest Savior, introduced by thee,
Have I my race begun
And crowned with victory at thy feet
I'll lay my honor down.

Church News.

Southern California.

Los Angeles, First.—At the twilight communion, August 3d, twenty-one were received. During the vacation of the senior pastor, Rev. Dr. Warren F. Day, the junior pastor, Rev. William Horace Day, M.A., is at the wheel. He is giving a series of illustrated Sunday evening sermons, which are enjoyed by large congregations. A line of special Bible Studies is bringing together an unusual number for the vacation time at the Wednesday evening meetings.

Northern California.

San Francisco, Plymouth.—Last Friday evening the parlors of Plymouth Congregational church presented a bright and cheery scene, the occasion being a reception given the pastor and his wife on returning from vacation. Mr. Morris Marcus gave an address of welcome, to which Dr. Cherington replied in a few happy words; but that alone did not satisfy the assembled friends who called for Mrs. Cherington in tones that would not be denied. Mrs. Cherington's hearty response was multum in parvo. Mrs. John Leak and Prof. Delapiane performed a duet on the piano, Mosey Kowski Spanish dances and Miss Charlotte Graeber recited "Lil Brown Baby," by Dunbar, and for encore gave "Anthusa's Torment." After partaking of refreshments the company dispersed.

Soquel.—On August 3d three members were added to the church by letter. The Sabbath and mid-week meetings are well sustained. The temperance cause is a live question here, and the local W. C. T. U. has inincreased its membership more than two hundred percent in the last month. The society is conducting weekly meetings through July and August at the summer resort, Capitola, one mile from Soquel. Prominent workers of the Pacific Coast held a two days' conference at Capitola, and the speakers demonstrated the ability as well as consecration of Christian womanhood among white-ribboners.

Notes and Personals.

One of our Eastern exchanges placed on the cover of the paper for August 2d an extract from the Christian Endeavor notes by the Rev. B. F. Sargent in The Pacific.

The Rev. H. E. Banham had been pastor at Waimea, on the island of Kauai, Territority of Hawaii, only one month when his salary was increased $200 for the year; and at the end of the first six months there was an increase of $100 more. These increases have brought the salary up to $2,100 a year.

A Sunol corrspondent of the Oakland Enquirer writes concerning the Rev. W. H. Cooke, who has resigned the pastorate at Sunol to go to Hillyard, Washington: "He has been in this community for three years and under his care the church has greatly prospered. Mr. Cooke is greatly loved by all who know him and will be greatly missed by all. It will be exceedingly difficult to find another pastor who will be of such support as Mr. Cooke has been."

Deacon Bent.

Deacon H. K. W. Bent, who died at his home in Pasadena, July 29th, was a man whose relation to our organized religious work in Southern California was such as to warrant large mention in The Pacific—the paper devoted to the life and work of the Congregational churches of the Coast. His life and character were such as to make any suitable mention of him an inspiration to noble living.

For thirty years he wrought in our State. He did not simply live in the State; he worked in it and for it, and prayed ceaselessly as he wrought. He went into politics and into business large, but was "unspotted from the world" because he lived from within.

Perhaps his most important single service was as chairman of the Board of Trustees of Pomona College during its formative years. His was no perfunctory service. He audited all bills, checked up all accounts, digested all business. His vote or recommendation was never formal—passed on through him from some one behind him. There was no detail, for a period of seven years, which escaped his personal notice. This invaluable service was rendered cheerfully and without any compensation, though it took very many hours of anxious thought at frequent and irregular intervals, and was added to very important private business concerns. There is no doubt that the body, always frail, was overtaxed in those years when he stood at the helm of the college. He felt that he had a right deliberately to give his life to the college and for the college. Never for a moment did its interests suffer because of the calls of private business. The writer knows no case so marked as an instance of faithfulness and ability devoted to a good cause so ungrudgingly. It was not a conspicuous place. Most of the weary hours of labor were spent at his own desk. We founded convictions upon facts in his own desk. He founded convictions upon facts in the most severely scientific manner. He could not yield his judgment to another. The mere unsupported opinions of others had no influence with him, but he knew how to work with others in singular harmony, and always bowed to the expressed will of the majority, however ill-advised he might think that expression to be. No man was ever more courteous in his office, because he knew so well the laws, written and unwritten, which govern deliberative and executive bodies. In him the force of his life was expressed in light and little was wasted in heat.

As a man among men he had universal esteem, and in proportion as men came close to him, love and respect were greatly deepened. He was large enough to meet the wants of closest friendship.

His great characteristic was the high level of his life. He possessed "the inspiration of elevation." To this was added a very wide experience with men and affairs and a well-trained mind. His academic studies terminated by reason of ill health, just before entrance to college, and caused him to abandon his purpose to prepare himself to be a teacher of religion, but he was always a student and teacher and at his death few men were better educated. A civil engineer in early life, the

postmaster of the city of Los Angeles from '73 to '77, a director of various business corporations and with large private business interests, his was a busy life. Born October 29, 1831, and dying July 29, 1902, he had lived a long life, but was in full vigor of mind and better able than ever to do the work of life. In knowing him and his experience we see more clearly than ever that the death of the body is but a slight incident in the life of a man who really lives. He has gone to join his good friend and yoke-fellow in Christian service—that man whose memory is fragrant still, the Rev. James T. Ford, long Home Missionary Superintendent of Southern California. They were well mated because they were true men.

Mr. Bent leaves a well-beloved wife, who had helped him to be and to do his best, and four sons and a daughter. To all these his memory is a legacy "more precious than much silver," and they are wise enough to esteem it so. To have lived such a life is to have done the most and the best that life permits. The life of H. K. W. Bent was a success and points the way for his sons and for all of us. The secret of his greatness, his goodness and his usefulness, was that "elevation of spirit," wakened in him by the Providence of God, but most zealously and wakefully guarded by him against any encroachments of the environment. He kept the gift of God and it grew to large proportions in his keeping.

C. G. B.

Washington Letter.

By I. Learned.

The pulpit of Plymouth church, Seattle, is being supplied during the vacation of the pastor by Rev. Mr. Newman of Seneca, Kansas, who is having large congregations these summer Sabbath evenings.

Rev. J. R. Knodell of your State is greatly interesting the people of our Edgewater church, to whom he has been ministering for some weeks.

Rev. Stephen R. Wood, also of your State, has been giving us very useful service in several places in this State, notably at Blaine, Fairhaven and Machias. His evangelistic labors have met with large success, by the Spirit's blessing, in the strengthening of the churches at the first two points and in the gathering of a church from our Sunday-school at Machias. Eleven persons have thus entered into fellowship and they are to have a pastor in the person of Rev. R. D. Parker, and who, in connection with the new church, will supply several out-stations.

Chaplain Wood has recently delivered at Taylor church, Seattle, one of his very interesting lectures on army life in the Philippines. He has completed his three months' engagement in Washington, but we are hoping that after a visit to your city that he will soon return for further evangelistic service among our churches.

Rev. R. C. Day is getting hold of the work at Fairhaven, and the prospect of his building up that church is very encouraging.

Superintendent Scudder has just returned from a trip into the Quillayute country, west of the Olympics, to the great delight of the little church there and to the encouragement of the people at Forks. Rev. R. W. Fletcher, a former pastor, accompanied him. The latter will make another trip immediately, taking down with him doors, windows, hardware and other material for a new church building at Forks, and will spend a couple of months in that vicinity, assisting in its erection and otherwise ministering to the spiritual needs of that large section. It is hoped that in the very near future a permanent pastor can be found for them.

Rev. Mr. Knudson has resigned at Almira. The Brighton Beach church are pleased at having a permanent pastor in the person of Rev. R. D. Weage, a brother of our Columbia city pastor.

Rev. C. W. Bushnell has met with large success in his church at Granite Falls, and is for a few weeks enjoying a well-earned vacation. The largely increased offerings of that church to our benevolent societies, about three times that of former years, indicates what Christian people are ready and willing to do when led by a pastor intelligent in these things, who has prepared himself to give his people the information desired in the various phases of our work connected with the building-up of God's kingdom.

Rev. T. H. Henderson, late of Salem, Oregon, has accepted the call of our church at South Bend.

Rev. C. E. Philbrook, lately of St. Helen's, Ore., has been called by our church at Long Beach, and is already there and at work.

Pastor Drake at White Salmon is having great encouragement in his work from his people, and is one of those of whom his people say, "He has never given us a poor sermon yet."

Rev. W. C. Fowler, late of Genessee, Idaho, who has been supplying the church at Nome, Alaska, has resigned and returned to Washington. He is ready for another pastorate in this vicinity or further south.

The church at Nome has called to their pastorate Rev. Mr. Ryberg, a graduate of Carlton college, who has been one of their congregation during the past winter, and who, it is believed, will give proof of his ministry in successful work, among that people.

Rev. Wm. Davies writes from Southern California that he has accepted the call of the Vernon church, Los Angeles. Let us present our congratulations to that church, for if Brother Davies remains with them ten years we are sure he will find himself, and they, too, will recognize, what we are sure will be a fact, that he will be stronger in their affection and esteem than now in this early acquaintance.

Seattle, August 8th.

Driftwood.

BY JEANNETTE WOODWORTH DOWNER.

Driftwood, driftwood, out on the ocean,
Floating on waves, white-capped with foam;
Floating on waters oily and peaceful;
Floating on surges by storm winds blown.
Bits of wreckage, pieces of timber
Cast aside, no more to roam.
Gathered and tossed by the restless wavelets;
Carried again to some strange new home.
Thus on the ocean of life, the mortals
Are tossed and hurled by the waves of Fate.
White-capped their lives, e'er they reach Death's portals,
With joy and sorrow, with love and hate.
On the sea of Today, they pass each other,
Bits of human wreckage and eager souls,
Knowing naught of their nearest brother,
Caring not if they reach their goals.
Weary of battling, glad of a harbor,
Mellowed by sunshine and tempered by storm,
Yet, caring not to give up, in their ardor,
Hopes and ambitions, though ever so forlorn.
Tossed aside and rudely stranded,
Their places filled by some other one.
Missed not in the on-moving current,
For their usefulness all is done.

Napa, Cal.

Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific.

President.....Mrs. A. P. Peck.
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1814 Sutter St., San Francisco.

The Work in India.

Helen E. Chandler.

My own work is among the schools and in two different branches. Part of my time I spend in teaching in the large boarding-school which is for the training of our Christian girls. There are such schools in nearly every station of the mission, but the station schools are for the children of that one particular station in which the school is situated. But besides that, these station boarding schools carry the children only up to a certain standard. If the children want to go higher, they must come to our boarding-school here in Madura. Our school receives many pupils from the outstations every year as well as educating the children of Madura city and station.

When Miss Perkins was in Tirumangalam she had a boarding-school, and the girls she sent to us are most of them still with us. One a girl, named Rutte, is being trained as a teacher. Her sister is studying in one of the lower classes.

The girls who come to us are generally made to pay at least their fees, which vary according to the class in which they study. Then, too, we insist on books being paid for when we know the parents can afford to do so, but there are very few girls who pretend to pay for their board. This has to be given to them free. The expense is met with other expenses by funds and donations from home and by such government aid as we can secure. Special girls are being helped by friends or societies at home. Without such special aid it would be impossible to take in as many girls as we now have.

We take girls through the High School, but many do not go as high, but stop before that to be married or to be trained as teachers. Some are too dull to receive more than a limited education. Our school numbers about a hundred and sixty boarders, and at least seventy day pupils. Before the vacation the sleeping acommodations were crowded, but now we are still more crowded because a tornado blew down our upstairs room, which was used for a dormitory. As Capron Hall, our new building has been set upon its feet by His Excellency, the governor of our Madras Presidency, we hope that the end of the year will see us in our new quarters.

Aside from this large boarding-school work there is a large work for Hindu girls being done in the day schools. There are certain ones for boys and four for the girls which are in my care. These schools each has its headmaster, and his wife has to teach in the school. Then there are at least two and sometimes three under teachers—female teachers. These teachers are from all castes, even the lowest, but the Hindu children do not object to that now. There was a time when we could employ only the teachers from the higher castes, but it seems to make no difference here in Madura. I think in some of the outstations there is still that difficulty and the Hindu girls would leave if a teacher of a low caste were allowed to teach in the school.

It is interesting to go into my schools and see the fair-skinned Brahmin girl sitting next to a black little girl of much lower caste. There are about a hundred children in each school. They vary a little, but the total comes to about four hundred.

The secular work is carried on according to the government code. I hold the teachers—I mean the headmasters—responsible in the matter of following the code. Some of it is very just and fair, but I sometimes weary of the red tape, and wish I had money enough to be independent. Some of the support for the school comes from government aid, and of course this forces me to follow government requirements.

Three of the schools are properly housed in buildings built especially for them, but one school is in an ordinary native house, which is very warm in hot weather and is not convenient for all purposes of the school; but the headmaster is a most faithful man and I can always depend on his doing his work well.

The Bible work done during the week is in accordance with a scheme which Miss Barker worked out and had printed before she went to America. This includes memoriter work as well as the learning of the Bible stories.

One of the most interesting days for me is Sunday. Each school has its Sunday-school and studies the International lessons. We use the picture rolls a great deal and find them very helpful.

The headmaster generally teaches the lesson to the older ones and the little ones are taught by one of the under teachers. Then they come together, and I ask them questions, either of the review, or that day's lesson and give them a little talk myself. In some of the schools I feel that there are some earnest little Christians, and in my talks I try to make them feel that we are in earnest in trying to bring Christ to them. I know that some of my mistresses have been able to lead the children to definitely love Christ. One little girl told her teacher that she loved Jesus and never told lies now, except the one lie when her mother made her worship the idol. There are others who leave the school, but come back for the sake of staying on in the school a little longer. One girl came back and asked for a portion of the Psalms. One or two have been threatened at home for reading the Bible, but have persisted in doing so.

Many never come to any definite stand, but those who do zenana work in the homes tells us that the find our school girls and that they are their most interested listeners, and that many of them love Jesus secretly if not openly.

What is true of my school is no doubt true of all schools of this kind. In every station this double work is being carried on for the Christians and the Hindus. Some times you see the two together.

Madura, June 18th.

Four things a man must learn to do
If he would make his record true;
To think without confusion clearly;
To love his fellow-men sincerely;
To act from honest motives purely;
To trust in God and heaven securely.
—Henry van Dyke.

Boys and Girls.

"Honor Bright."

"Yes, mother, I will, honor bright! Did you ever know me to break my promise?"

"No, my son; I never did." And Mrs. Dunning stroked the soft brown curls lovingly, as she looked down into honest eyes that never, in all Harry Dunning's fifteen years, had failed to look straightforwardly back at hers.

"Well, mother you never will. I'll be home by ten, sure Now I'm off!" And Harry sprang down the steps and was away like an arrow.

His chum, Arthur Mayhew, had invited him to a birthday party; and Arthur's invitations were always accepted by his boy and girl friends, for Mr. and Mrs. Mayhew and grown-up sister, Nell, had to perfection the knack of making a good time for young folks.

No wonder that Harry couldn't believe his own eyes when, in the height of the fun, he looked up and saw the hands of the clock pointing to a quarter of ten! No one looked as though even thinking of going home. But Harry's "honor bright" promise rang in his ears. Nobody guessed the struggle that was going on in the boy's heart, as he mechanically performed his part in the merry game. "Why can't I stay until the rest go? Don't I work hard enough? And I haven't had an evening out for weeks."

"It isn't late" he thought irritably. "Mother's only nervous." Then his cheeks reddened and he straightened up quickly.

"Who had a better right to be nervous?" he thought fiercely, as though fighting an invisible foe. His sweet, invalid mother! And he knew little May was not well. She had been fretful all day. And he promised! Abruptly he excused himself, bade hasty goodnights and sped away across the fields, putting on his reefer as he ran. His mother met him at the door.

"May is worse," she whispered huskily. "It's croup. Run for the doctor—quick!"

And Harry ran—ran as he had never dreamed he could. The old doctor, electrified by the boy's breathless energy, harnessed old Jim, with Harry's help in an incredibly brief time and drove off down the hill at a pace that brought night-capped heads from darkened windows and caused many a conjecture as to who was sick down in the "holler."

The keen-eyed old man looked very serious as he bent over May. But he was a skilled physician; and before long the little girl was breathing easily again.

"But let me tell you," he said impressively, "ten minutes later it wouldn't have been very much use to call me or any one else."

Harry listened silently; but when they were once more alone, he drew his mother down by his side on the shabby little sofa and told her of the resisted temptation.

"And, O mother," he concluded, "I'm so glad I kept my promise, 'honor bright!' I feel as though I'd just escaped from being a murderer."

"I have perfect confidence in my brave, true laddie," said the happy mother, stroking the bonnie head on her shoulder.—Selected.

Frogs as Policemen.

Have you ever noticed near the side of the pond masses of little eggs about the size of a pea which float on the surface of the water and generally lie on the long grass at the edge of the pond?

If you ever find these eggs go back to the place in a few days and you will see in their places numbers of funny little creatures, with very big heads and flat, thin tails, which makes them look a little bit like fishes. These black creatures are called tadpoles. They grow very fast, because they grow a great deal. Little legs grow out of the sides of the body; the tail disappears, and the animal is no longer a tadpole, but a little frog, jumping about as you have seen frogs do.

The frog drinks with its mouth, but it also sucks up water through a great many holes in its skin just as a sponge does if you put it in a bowl of water.

A gentleman once caught a number of frogs which he kept in a bowl of water. As long as there was plenty of water in the basin they looked fat and well, but if he took them out when the weather was very hot they soon grew thin. and ill These frogs became quite tame, and learned to take their food from their master's hand. They were very fond of flies and were clever in catching them, so when the fruit for the gentleman's dessert was laid out in the store room these frogs were placed around it to act as little policemen to keep the flies from spoiling it, and they did very well indeed.

You should watch to see a frog change its skin. It is very curious. Whenever a number of frogs have made up their minds to change their skins having of course, new ones underneath several of them begin at once. Two of its companions hold the one whose coat is to come off, around the middle of its body; then one or two others give little bites and pulls at the skin with first one leg and then another and at last the whole body is set free and the frog appears with such a clear white skin that it must feel very proud.—Northern Christian Advocate.

Thank God for Mother.

After one of the hard-fought battles of the war, a chaplain in the Southern Army was called to see a dying soldier. Taking his hand, he said, "Well, my brother, what can I do for you?"

He supposed, of course, that the young fellow would want to cry to God for help in his extremity; but it was not so.

"Chaplain," he said "I want you to cut a lock of hair for my mother; and then, chaplain, I want you to kneel down and return thanks to God for me."

"For what?" asked the chaplain.

"For giving me such a mother. Her teachings are my comfort now. And then, chaplain, thank God that by his grace I am a Christian. What would I do now if I were not a Christian? And thank him for giving me dying grace. He makes this hard bed feel 'soft as downy pillows are.' And, oh! chaplain, thank him for the promised home in glory—I'll soon be there."

"And so," said the chaplain, "I kneeled by his bed with not a petition to utter; only praises and thanksgiving for a good mother, a Christian hope, dying grace and an eternal home in glory."—Young People's Paper.

A Newfoundland Hero.

A ranchman, named Sam Dodge, left home on business, and after he had gone, Bessie, his five-year-old little girl, wandered away from home in an attempt to follow him. Her mother missed her about two hours afterward. After searching in vain for some time Mrs. Dodge called the neighbors and told them of Bessie's disappearance. They turned out in force and scoured the prairies all that day and all that night and all the next day, searching for the little wanderer. Late the next evening an Indian came upon her lying fast asleep in an old road. Across her body stood a Newfoundland dog, which had always been her companion about the ranch. The dog was torn and bleeding, and near his feet lay the dead bodies of two wolves. Although her cheeks were stained with tears and covered with dust, Bessie was unharmed. She and her protector were taken back to her home, a distance of twelve miles from where they were found, where the dog died of his wounds that night. He was given a decent burial, and his grateful owner ordered a marble monument, which will be placed at the head of the faithful animal's grave. —Our Dumb Animals.

Heaven is a spiritual state whose kingdom is within; and, if we do not begin to live in it now, how, indeed, are we to be fitted to live in it hereafter? If we have not grown to spirituality—achieved spirituality by gradual and constant assimilation of spiritual things while in this world of sense—how are we to be fitted to instantly grasp it on entering the world of spirit?—The World Beautiful, Lilian Whiting.

Home Circle.

"It's a purty good world this is old man—
It's a purty good world this is!
For all its follies and shows and lies—
Its rainy weather, and cheeks likewise,
And age, hard hearin', and rheumatiz—
We're not a faultin' the Lord's own plan—
All things jest
At their best—
It's a purty good world, old man!"
—James Whitcomb Riley.

His Wife.

The wide hall was somber with ministerial broadcloth, but here and there a bit of gay ribbon betokened the presence of a woman or a business suit suggested a member of the laity.

The stir and whispered conversation, which usually precede a business meeting were noticeably absent. The gathering had met for that tenderest and most pathetic incident of Methodist Conference week, the annual memorial meeting, when one after another of the assembled ministers pays tribute to the memory of those who have passed to their reward during the year.

Death had claimed four members of the Conference this year, and four of the brethren who had known them best gave, each in turn, the brief history of their humble lives. Then one of the Presiding Elders arose and began to speak.

"It's my privilege," said he, "to offer a word of loving tribute to the memory of Mary Watson Blake, wife of our brother, John Wesley Blake."

At the first mention of the name, a little, stoop-shouldered man near the center of the house bowed his head lower and lower until the forehead rested on his hand. The simple story which the Presiding Elder had begun to tell was in large measure the story of the little man's own life. How the past came back as he listened!

He thought of his first meeting with Mary Watson, while he was still a student in the seminary; of the acquaintance ripening into love; of her promise to be his wife, made on the day of his ordination. All his life he had wondered how it was that she had been content to accept the little he had to offer—the hard lot of a Methodist minister's wife.

And it had been a hard lot. Uncomplainingly she had gone with him from village to village, with never any permanent abiding-place; always courteous and tactful, even with the most uncongenial and stiff-necked parishioners; living constantly in the bright light of public scrutiny and criticism; annually making his pitifully small salary perform miracles; keeping open house for visiting clergymen and evangelists; dispensing a cheerful hospitality to every itinerant canvasser for religious books—these, he thought with a heavy heart, were the things which had made the life of Mary Watson Blake.

The little preacher was honest with himself. He knew that he had never been more than a feeble rush-light in the Church, and that his appointments, poor as they had been, would have been poorer still, but for her who had been so faithful a helper and had so ably supplemented his preaching with her personality.

"And this is all," he thought, bitterly. "Ten minutes of eulogy for a lifetime of such service. Oh, if they could only know what she was and what she did!"

The voice of the Presiding Elder died away, and another voice broke in upon the stillness. A man was speaking whom some of those present recognized as the owner of the woollen mills at Belden.

"Ten years ago," he said " a new pastor came with his wife to the church in our town. I had lost my own wife three years before that, and since her death my son had fallen into bad company, and sunk lower and lower until his very name had become a disgrace to me and a reproach to the town. In some way I cannot tell you how, this new minister's wife gained a hold upon him. She lifted him out of his degradation, out of himself, and put the heart of a man into him again. It is due, under God, to Mary Watson Blake that I can say to you all today, 'This, my son, was dead and is alive again.' "

In the hush that followed, the gathering began to disperse, but before the little bent figure of the preacher had reached the door, two other figures, elbowing their way through the crowd, met him. They were both men in the prime of life, and they passed out with their old friend, each had somethng to say of the past.

"It was your wife, said one, "who gave me my first impulse and first encouragement to study for the ministry. I wish I could tell her now of my appointment to the Jefferson Avenue church, and how earnestly I am going to try to make a worthy use of the great opportunity."

What the other man said was lost in the buzz of conversation at the door, but it carried the thoughts of the little minister back to a young "tough" in a seaboard town where he had taught a score of years ago.

"God f rgive me!" he said humbly, "in my sorrow and my complaining. Her memorial is in the lives of the people for whom we have suffered and labored. With God is her reward."—Youth's Companion.

Godliness and Contentment.

Cleon hath a thousand acres:
Neer a one have I.
Cleon fees a score of doctors:
Need of none have I.
He in velvet, I in fustian—
Heathier man am I.
Wealth-surrounded, care-environed,
Cleon fears to die.
Death may come, he'll find me ready,
Happier man am I.
Cleon hears no anthems ringing
In the air and sky.
To me all nature's ever singing,
Earnest listener I.
—Charles Mackay.

Not only personally and subjectively does faith impart a great value to a very little work, but also outwardly and in the extension of Christ's kingdom, it does the same. Thus the blood of dead martyrs speaks louder and saves more than the words and works of living men. A faith farthing may cost and count more than millions without faith.

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ON TIME.

A manufacturer was about to establish an agency in London. He had in his employ two young men whom he regarded highly, and both of whom he would like to advance to the coveted position. As it could go to only one, he watched the men closely for some time, while trying to decide which he should send to represent his interests in the English capital. One of the young men was an industrious plodder, always on time to the minute. The other was a much more brilliant fellow, who did his work well and easily, made friends readily, and was universally popular; but he had the serious defects of making promises carelessly, forgetting them almost as soon as they were made, and of rarely keeping appointments promptly.

Finally the employer invited both of these young men to dine with him on a certain evening at exactly seven o'clock. The plodder presented himself to his host as the clock was striking, and they two immediately sat down to dinner. Five minutes later the other guest appeared, with a laughing apology for being late, which, he said, was entirely the fault of his watch. On the following day the London appointment, with a large increase of salary, was given to him who had learned the business value of promptness.—Success.

GO RIGHT ON.

Your life journey leads by a way you know not. It is best you should not know. When you come to the rugged hills climb them. Enjoy the beautiful landscapes as you pass them. And rest assured that at the end of your journey every good thing that has entered into your aspiration, plan and purpose will greet you in that world where hope is changed into fruition, and the longing for perfection shall find its realization. Your highest dreams of spiritual purity, exaltation and blessedness now are sure prophecies of what you shall be then. What you put in your dream here God will put in your destiny there.—Bishop O. P. Fitzgerald.

In nearly every case where a revival is not succeeded by the keeping up of the regular weekly prayer-meeting, the "falling-off" is so great that inside of six months the fruits of the revival can scarcely be found. And right here is the great weakness of our church in many sections.—Selected.

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Sealed bids will be received until 7:30 p. m. Monday, September 1st, 1902, for the purchase of the pipe organ now in use in the First Congregational church, Oakland, Calif. Purchasers to remove organ from present location at their expense, and on or about November 1, 1902.

Address proposals to the Trustees First Congregational church, Oakland, Calif., endorsed, "Proposal for purchase of Pipe Organ."

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8 pkgs. Grape Nuts.
4 dozen oval Hotel Castle Soap.
11 large bottles choice Tomato Catsup.
20 bars Frank Siddall's Soap.
1 pail Anchovies in brine.
8 pkgs. Shredded Wheat Biscuit.
8 pkgs. Lion Roast Coffee.
10 tins Tomato Sauce Sardines.
1 kit Salmon, Alaska.
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Nothing has so kindled the desire to buy FURNITURE, CARPETS, ETC., during the past week, as the *Great Special Sale* of PARLOR FURNITURE now going on at the BIG MISSION STORE AND FACTORY. A week's sale was started August 4th. The success of it carried it through a second week, and now it is announced that there is to be a

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We had kept our entire Factory Force at work during the dull June and July. There was made up in that time about 200 pieces of the most elegant upholstered PARLOR FURNITURE ever put on sale. Leisure gave the workmen an opportunity to do the best work; nothing was hurried and the most substantial construction was required. Pretty new designs in upholstery and unique styles in frame work were combined to turn out this magnificent lot of furniture.

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